

EXHIBIT C

Honorable Jennifer H. Rearden
United States District Judge
Southern District of New York

Dear Judge Rearden,

My name is Santo Peralta and I am writing this letter to apologize for the crime I committed. It was a huge mistake that I will never do again. I am asking not only for your forgiveness, but that of the American public for the wrong that I have done while in this country.

I did not have a good childhood. I grew up in poverty in Bani, Dominican Republic, and it was very hard for me. For as long as I can remember, my family was in a terrible economic situation, we were a very poor family, and my mother was the only parent at home. My father was never around, so it was just my brother, sister, mother, and me living off the little my mother made. I learned really fast that I needed to work hard. I would walk so many kilometers to fill up buckets of water to bring back home, and when I turned seven, I started working at the sugarcane fields nearby. I didn't go to school because of how hard I was working to help my family. It was dangerous work, so dangerous it was usually left to migrants. I worked there until I was 15, working from 8:00am to 5:00pm making 50 pesos a day. After that, I went on to work a bunch of different jobs before sticking to construction. I have only ever known hard, honest work, and I still struggled.

I started to dream about coming to the United States. I had so many costs like my mother's medical bills, and the money I was making in Bani just wasn't enough. So many people from my town who moved to the U.S. would talk about how good the work was and how much more they made, and I got brainwashed.

I realized very quickly that the things people would say about this country were lies, and I struggled even more than I did in Bani as soon as I got here. When I did do some work in construction, I could barely make enough money to buy groceries and pay rent. I also owed money in the D.R. and had my mother's medication to take care of. I would send anything I could to her whenever I had money. Some days I couldn't even afford to eat. I know that I made a big error. I was desperate. I realize no amount of money would have been worth all the pain I have been dealing with and the hurt I have put my family through.

My mother is very old and very sick. She has heart and blood issues that have gotten worse. My sister, who has been recovering from a cancer procedure, has been taking care of her. It's been two and a half years, almost three, since I have seen my mom and months since I have talked to her. It breaks my heart every day to think about the suffering she is going through because of me. I want to see her so bad, and I think about her every day. I know it pains her that I can't be there for her, and I would give up everything to see her again and be with her. This case has hurt my family so much when all I wanted was to help them, and that fills me with sadness.

I completely regret my actions. I have been through so much at this prison and I never want to go through something like this again. It feels like torture. I have never seen so much death and violence before, and I truly fear for my safety every day. I know that I have made a mistake, but I am not a violent person. I have also been in so much pain since I got to MDC and they don't give me my medications. I have two discs and two hernias, and the doctors didn't tell me about my condition even after giving me X-rays. The only things that keep me sane are my prayers, reflections, and phone calls with my girlfriend. I don't want to be in pain or live in fear anymore.

Every day at MDC, and the struggles that I faced here, has shown me I can never come back to the United States. I will never return. All I want is to go back to my life in the Dominican Republic. I have 4 sons, grandchildren, and a sick mom and sister, and all I want is to be with them again. I will stay with my family in Bani and live the rest of my days with them. The most important thing to me is being able to see my mom before she dies since she is very old and is waiting for me. Not seeing her or talking to her like I would every morning, and the conditions that I am living in, has been enough punishment.

I want to return to my country as soon as possible. When I get released from this place and make it back home to Bani, I plan on getting medical help. I want to be in good health, and I know I will get better outside of here. I will be living with my mother and my family in Bani, where they are anxiously waiting for me to return.. I will work in construction because it's what I know best. My sons and grandchildren miss me dearly and are frustrated, and my grandchildren don't understand where I am and why I haven't seen them for so long. I am a family man and my love and respect for my family in the Dominican Republic will keep me from returning to the U.S.. There is nothing left for me here, and I am genuinely sorry for my actions.

My liberty, freedom, and well-being are in your hands. I am asking for your forgiveness and consideration in delivering a just and merciful sentence to me. I pray that you take my words into account.

Thank you for your time and considering my sincere apologies.

Sincerely,

Santo Peralta

**This letter was dictated in-person and translated from English to Spanish